

laws are on the point of being repealed, and the new Director's speech breathes peace. He is perfectly at home, they say, in his new clothes, and the country appears satisfied with him, Perregaux informs me that M. Barthélemy recollects me with infinite pleasure, and promises to speak immediately about the absurdity of my being *relegue* at Fontainebleau. He also says that Reubel is more pleasantly inclined than he was.

The Ministre de la Marine has, through the Commissioners of Exchange, desired me to exert myself in obtaining from the King a pardon for Captain Long, an Irishman born, but married and settled these twenty years in France, taken in the command of a privateer, and to be tried for his life. I have, as desired, written on the subject.

We had a comedy last week acted by ladies and gentlemen, and Bourdon was the "Nigaud" in *Le Sourd*. I dined yesterday at Montgermont, the seat of M. de Gontaut, who is, but does not now call himself, Duke de Biron. He married a financier's daughter of vast fortune, a Mademoiselle Palermé, a woman of wit and taste. The house

is quite a palace, with a shrubbery laid
out round
it a *l'anglaise*. The acacias in flower are
beautiful.

Adjoining to her bed-room, and open to
her bed,
is a noble gallery or conservatory. At
its further